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ANCIENT, SELF-LEGISLATIVE,

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INDEPENDENT KINGDOM,

OF

I R E L A N D,

HOWEVER EMBELLISHED AND FLATTERING
ITS INTRODUCTION MAY APPEAR.

— “ *Meliora pii docuere parentes.*”

HOR.

Our pious Sires a better Lesson taught.

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THE Reader is respectfully informed, that the following sheets have been committed to Press in the hurry necessarily attendant on the Author's pursuits in life; and so much has been already said and written on the subject, that, did he not consider it the duty of every Friend to the Prosperity of this Realm to contribute what he can, like *the Widow's mite*, to the general interest, he should not obtrude his indigested production on the Public, amid so many Pamphlets replete with spirit, as well as classical, historical, and commercial information.



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P R O O F S

THAT THE

PROJECTED UNION,

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THE Union now proposed to take place between Great Britain and Ireland, is a subject that, for some months past, has much agitated the public mind, and occupied no inconsiderable degree of speculation. The advocates, for the measure, have their views, their hopes, and their interests; its adversaries, their fears, their jealousies and suspicions. The probable tendencies, operations and effects of this proposition, shall be investigated, in the following sheets, with that coolness and dispassion which the seriousness of the matter so emphatically requires; and although the subject has been already most ably handled by gentlemen whose professional pursuits peculiarly qualify them for

the task of refuting a work, said to be fresh from the ministerial anvil, yet, as, in a commercial ferme, the addition of a comparatively-trivial sum may conduce to the responsibility of the common stock; so, the subsequent observations may lead to some further elucidation of a question, at once, involving the Rights and Interests of an imperial Realm, whose ancient sovereignty withstood the shock of ages, and, like the rock, against whose solid base the impetuous surges have, for centuries, ineffectually exerted their fury, braved the intrigues and struggles of surrounding powers, to subvert her Constitution.

When North-Britain acceded to the Union, her finances were narrowly circumscribed; she had an ungrateful soil to cultivate; her resources were in all respects crippled, as a nation, and thus, had she every intimidating difficulty to combat; and, although it was, in this situation of her affairs, apparently her leading interest to embrace the proffered conditions, with promptitude and avidity, yet, pressing as were her circumstances, she approached the English Minister with caution and distrust. With the house of Hamilton foremost in her train of champions, she disputed the political ground, inch by inch, with firmness, until the paltry sum of 20,540*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* divided among the hungry natives, became the price of her Legislature and dignity among nations. How has she experienced

rienced the consequences? Like the unfortunate
 maid, whom specious promises, glittering bau-
 bles, and all the artillery of long-practised se-
 duction, had fatally led away from the paths
 of innocence and virtue; Scotland has not ceased,
 from the hour of that compact's ratification, to
 weep over her misfortunes, and pour execra-
 tions on the memory of her venal betrayers.
 But even thus bought and seduced to political
 turpitude and self debasement, how have the
 conditions been, on the part of England, ad-
 hered to? Not with the scrupulous fidelity of
 nations! not with that integrity that should ever
 stand binding between man and man! but with
 the base duplicity of a Change-alley broker;
 for, from the period of finally settling the co-
 venant, to its operation (including a space of
 many months) the English merchants, looking
 on the colonial imports into North-Britain with
 an invidious eye, in order to counteract any
 benefit immediately arising to her from the
 Union, clandestinely seized the opportunity of
 the interval to glut their ware-houses with Ame-
 rican merchandize. In the exemption from a
 malt-tax, as expressly and *bona fide* articulated for,
 South-Britain has not treated the United North
 with more candour or honesty; and, at this
 moment, she labours unblushingly to violate, in her
 open parliament, the ninth article of the Union,
 by imposing on all Scottish lands the same high
 additional rates as in England;—that is, one-
 tenth

tenth part of the rent, if exceeding two thousand pounds a year, although the article already quoted unequivocally stipulates that “in all land-taxes, Scotland shall only pay in the proportion that forty-eight thousand pounds bear to one million, nine hundred thousand pounds;” and yet her *sapient* Peers, as if born “to snore away debates in Parliament,” never once animadverted on this gross violation of Rights! What wonder, then, that, in several towns of that country, the sight of a guinea is, at this day, as great a novelty, as a tree in the idea of Doctor Johnson, who says that, to *behold a tree in Scotland is as novel as to see a coach in Venice!* In fine, what do all those retrograde steps, operating on Scotland, prove? That, with a formidable and mercenary army, at his nod, and the treasury at his elbow, the Minister of the day may, at any time, trample on any terms or conditions, which, for the accomplishment of his views, he may think it expedient to offer. But in the flourishing state, in which Ireland was by benignant nature designed to attract the notice and respect of foreign nations, and with ample resources within herself of being great in commerce, great in agriculture, great in population, great in every species of internal industry; with encircling shores swarming with the luxuries of the deep; with a soil rich and productive beyond insular competition, with natives adequate to all the important purposes of husbandry,

husbandry, navigation, commerce, and the arts, does she stand in need of any terms in the power of England to propose, to compensate for the surrender of her invaluable rights as they stand established by antiquity, and sanctified by Providence itself, who singled her out, as an highly-favoured land, to be the envy of her neighbours, and the pride and boast of her Children? Would it not better become the policy of Great Britain, to bury, for ever, in oblivion, the idea of this ungrateful and irritating measure, particularly at a juncture of such tumult, commotion, and disorder, than thus ungraciously to obtrude it, amid the high ferment and misfortunes with which the country is already but too fatally overwhelmed?

——— “*Prius præstat componere fluctus.*”

It is affirmed that the Union is calculated to hush the popular storm, by cementing the Irish community in the bonds of peaceful industry, and consequent prosperity. Industry and prosperity are desirable blessings, no doubt; but how are they to be prosecuted, or attained? surely not under the goad of insurrection! and that bringing forward at this time a proposition of such dangerous magnitude, will re-animate the almost-dead embers of commotion, is seriously to be apprehended! May the Sister Kingdom in sound policy employ her wisdom to conciliate, not inflame, to close, not to widen, the breach, through which such a torrent of public calamities has issued upon the innocent, as well as the guilty, in 1798! And may no im-
pious

pious hand, in the career of superiority and power, dare to renew the blaze of woe and horror that has already consumed so many lives, which might be employed in the pressing business of the empire, and laid so many fair structures level with the dust!—It must, truly, be admitted, that it would be for the tranquillity and happiness of his Majesty's realms to unite all parties, religions, and sects, in amity and conscious duty to the common interest of all; and it must be equally the wish of every rational, unimpassioned, and moderate man, that Ireland should invariably cleave to the Sister Kingdom, *as her faithful Sister, and unshaken ally*; but no friend to the independence of Ireland can so far forget her innate dignity, as for a moment to wish her *degraded to a British Province*!

It is probable, indeed, that the Southern parts of the kingdom, particularly Cork, might be very considerably benefited by the Union; but partial, are never, in wisdom, to supersede general, advantages. While the Eastern and Northern parts would be stripped of commerce, population, and credit, deprived of their trading sinews, their life, spirit, and energy, Dublin, the second city in the Empire, that long-admired seat of opulence, splendour, and magnificence, must become a melancholy desert—a miserable Bankrupt in wealth and aggrandizement! The languid pulse of its trade, arts, and manufactures, to the contemplative eye, already appears to make an awful pause, nearly bordering on political dissolution. The lofty struc-
tures

tures that, in every part of this great and populous city, now excite admiration, must hence fall to ruin; and the splendid habitations of hospitality, elegance, and taste, sink into hovels of obscurity, poverty, and vulgar restriction on liberality and refinement. Persons who, on the strength of speculation and probability, have expended ample capitals on Buildings in, and near the Metropolis, must behold their fortunes lost for ever; and the humane and generous founders of Hospitals, and the institutions of great pith and moment, in the consideration of sound sense, morality, and religion, of utility, and ornament, shall experience no better reward than to see the work of their hands stand in lazy state, unoccupied and unregarded, save by the idle passenger!—What a scourge then must the Union prove, if not seasonably scouted from the land!

We are assured that, as the youth of ancient Rome derived the advantages of philosophy and every mental pre-eminence from the Schools of Athens, so the youth of this realm are to be proportionately advantaged by the free intercourse with the British Capital, consequent on the ratification of this *hallowed* treaty.—Credat Judæus, Apella. Non ego!—To this assertion the reply is perfectly easy. Let us ask what literary acquirements are possibly to be gleaned from this proposed *ill-featured* connection in future, (admitting the full operation of the Articles of Union, even to the entire satisfaction of the Ministerial Pamphleteer)

teer) that our young gentlemen have not, at this moment, an equal access to, and appear not as free to us, as the literary institutes were then to Rome? and so far from any accession of mental energy or classical refinement to our School or Academical resources at home, an awful diminution of science in Ireland must tread on the heels of an Union, and our young *Hibernico-Briton*, like Gay's Travelling Monkey, will return home, puffed with pride to polish, but, in the event of stubborn Irish solid sense, to be laughed at, while he happily opens, for his country's imitation, the wonder-working lectures of some Cockney Pedagogue, or to illumine more unboundedly the minds, and invigorate the bodies of Irish youth, comes forward with the *clinching* arguments of a Mendoza!

And, let me here ask, what mighty arcana can London unfold, that the Capital of Ireland displays not? Or is it "Darkness visible" with us, when the Meridian Sun of Science pours the resistless day of intellectual light on that prototype of the Graces—John Bull? "Stultus ego huic nostræ similem Melibœe putavi." I imagined there was nothing on the British Bench, nothing in the British Seminaries, nothing so like Hybla's honey flowing from the lips of a British Senator, that Ireland could not produce in her University, her Courts of Judicature, and her Houses of Legislation! but it is the *gifted* province of British Conjurors to see more than other men; and as the Romans termed all other nations barbarous, not immediately harmonized by
Rome,

Rome, so every Briton presumes on a superiority of intellect, though, at the moment of his arrogance, fallen beneath the notice of any man blest with a ray of the *divinity of Science!*

It is on all hands confessed that our University can boast of men as eminent for the liberal functions of literature, as Oxford, Cambridge, or any other similar establishment—that our Courts of Justice are as illustriously filled both as to Judges and Barristers—and that our Senate glows with as much eloquence as that of the neighbouring Sister.

The flowing copiousness of a Burke, that, like a torrent, swept away opposition, in its bold, yet fascinating, career; the glowing fire of a Sheridan, that flashes conviction upon recreant greatness; the animated and honey-flowing periods of a virtuous Moira, that send all their force and majesty directly home to every auditor's breast; all these patriots and orators, all these loud assertors of human prerogative, owe their birth and literary fame to our country, next to the bounties of liberal nature. British poetry, history, and all the Attic elegancies that fix the character of a Swift, a Goldsmith, a Murphy, &c. &c. &c. derive their original transcendancy from this land.

The boards of Drury-lane and Covent-garden have witnessed the plaudits, the swelling peals of enthusiastic applause, that, like their shadows in the noon-tide sun, so inseparably attended a Sheridan, a Mossop, and a Barry, while, at this day, they owe their brilliancy, in a superior degree, to the

Irish Sock and Buskin. Need we further remind our defamers, that from Ireland, however treated like a stepchild or a foundling, they draw the sinews of their naval and martial glory? The republic of letters, in Britain, still derives energy and light from Irish genius.

We are told, as I have already mentioned, that Irish education will acquire much aid and ornament, in consequence of the Union! What, is it by depriving our academical youth of the high advantages of attending the debates in Parliament, that they are to be instructed in practical elocution and the laws of their country, or that they are in any respect to be illumined? Is it by being precluded admittance to the richest sources of political information? The finest sentiments robed in the most attractive garb of resistless eloquence, where the sweets of a Tully and the thunder of a Demosthenes now charm the heart and impressively strike the judgment, that the young man can be cultivated, or the maturity of age, in the citizen and country gentleman, can acquire pleasure and instruction? Should we be robbed of our Legislature, adieu to those brilliant advantages! Farewel, *for ever*, to our consequence among nations! a long and last adieu to those prime blessings lavished on us by Nature's God! *but to sell them to ambition!* Gracious Heaven, was it to sport it away, with the wanton prodigality of a graceless heir, that our virtuous forefathers purchased our independence with their blood? Was it

it for this inglorious surrender, that death and famine, fire and sword, captivity and their pathetic wounds, so eloquent on the verge of fate, met them at Derry? Was it for this renunciation that the far-recorded Boyne was empurpled with their gore? That Athlone and Aughrim rivalled the fame of Cressy and Agincourt? and that Limerick beheld the political horizon cleared of every cloud that coward tyranny could impose? Is there one heart within this realm so ingloriously dead to the divinity of Freedom as to stoop to the *half vassalage* of an Union? If there be, he is no Irishman. Is there a man so lost to a sense of his own importance as to witness the ratification of this compact unmoved? If there be, let him lurk, in guilty darkness, and deny his country! Is there a pen that can move, a mind that can dictate, or a lip that can pronounce the necessity of vigilance, fortitude and peremptory language, in the general cause? Let them now emphatically come forward, and, with the bright example of our ancestors before their eyes, speak thunder to the enemies of their natural inheritance! Is there on earth a people so happily situated as we are, for all the importance, all the enjoyments, and all the elegancies of life, that could for a moment listen to any insidious terms on the subject of an Union, to be the footstool of every succeeding Administration of England? Do we not see the *nullity* entailed on Scotland? Let us, then, beware, nor, with our eyes open, rush upon an awful precipice from
which

which the Herculean arm of public virtue itself, in her most animated exertions, cannot draw us back to safety or honour. One magnanimous stand will save us from self-destruction and the execrations of posterity. Who then so intombed in self-contempt, or so fallen beneath the dignity of his nature, as not, at a moment's call, to throw off every fatal lethargy? while preserving inviolate his sacred attachment and firm loyalty to his King and the Constitution, he cannot, will not, err;—he must rise superior to the machinations of his adversaries. Great is the prize for which he contends: irrevocable his doom—should the spoiler once pass the Rubicon—but to proceed—

Another *bleffing* dancing on the heels of this *immaculate* proposition, if carried into effect, will be the absence of our nobility and the great men of large landed property, drawing away the specie of the kingdom, the hard earnings of toil, œconomy and self-denial; to squander it away, with the unsparing hand of prodigality, in the more congenial purlieus of the British Court; while their agents at home, too frequently a set of men rapacious, unfeeling and oppressive, suck the very life blood of their unfortunate tenants. Or, should they, for once, deviate into humanity, the powerful rhetoric of a bribe must effect the hard work of the wretched occupant's temporary salvation, until, in the end, his means of conciliation exhausted, no price to be had for his live stock or the produce of his farms; the delegated harpy, restrained by
golden

golden hopes no more, pounces without mercy on his prey; and beggary—perhaps a prison—succeeds to competence and domestic repose. Despair seizes himself and his once-fair-spreading family—and this dire concatenation of calamities he owes to the Union.

“ Hinc derivata clades,

“ In patriam populumque fluxit !”

It is the pride and generous ambition of all polished nations to enjoy the rational amusements of the stage; which, when conducted on liberal principles, mends the public manners, raises the conceptions to true dignity; impresses the stamp of the patriot on the soul, and gives the genius of the people an elevation of sentiment and diction not to be derived, in an equal degree, from any other department in social life. The Theatres of the capital are confessedly of this description. No expenditure intimidates the Managers from ensuring the true *UTILE DULCE* to the public; and, while steady to this laudable and spirited conduct, it is the duty of that public to hold out a suitable portion of encouragement and protection to their efforts:—But what are these seats of elegant enjoyment to be, under the auspices of the Union? The sons of Thespis may feel, as the clue of pathetic nature may originally warm, melt, tear, harrow up, or freeze the soul; they may faithfully weep with Shakespeare, pine with Otway, and mourn over human misery

misery with Rowe. In generous Bevil, they may delineate the dignified feelings of the most amiable heart. They may in all their fanciful representations, "Hold the mirror up to nature, and shew virtue her own image,"—but all, alas, to empty houses! The blighting winds that waft over the Articles (if such a malignant blast should ever blow) shall nip, in the bud, the fair harvest of their honest hopes; and, thus defeated, better had it been, had they devoted their early days to some manual drudgery, where neither wit, taste, genius nor education could have constituted one qualifying ingredient in their compositions.

Here a few questions naturally arise, the evident reply to which, more clearly elucidates the evil tendency of this threatened innovation, as the means of our imperial salvation, equally occur from their due consideration.—

1. Should the Union pass into a law, and Ireland should consequently have to delegate a number of Peers and Commoners to the British Parliament, tantamount to that of North-Britain, is it to be imagined that sixteen Peers and one hundred Commoners, upon any question, involving the rights of their country, could make a stand against, and carry a majority from the minister, with one hundred Peers, and five hundred and thirteen Commoners at his back; and we
may

may throw the Caledonian phalanx into the bargain?

It were an absurdity to suppose that so much of the Spartan virtue were yet unextinct, as that such an inferiority of forces, on one side, could stand the shock, against such a formidable, well-disciplined Corps, under the General's personal command. And it is not a rashness to pre-suppose a shameful tergiversation even on the part of the Irish *Manipulus*! The cause of devoted Ireland must then be lost, and the most insignificant port, or manufacturing town, in Great Britain, bear the palm of superiority and predilection from the Metropolis of Ireland!

2. Should a long-contested suit, at law, be at length referred to the ultimate decision of the Peers, must the litigants, perhaps already exhausted in money and means, linger the most part, or not improbably the whole, of Session after Session, under all the vexatious contingencies and disadvantages of their situation?

This must be submitted to, or the parties must go home; and, after entailing beggary and ruin on themselves and their families, make the best they can of—*A BAD BARGAIN!*

3. Can a high-contracting power, with incontrovertible documents of fallacy and violated faith before her, with safety enter into any important covenant, where she has only to expect a breach of that covenant, as soon as the opposite power finds

finds herself adequate to be guilty of such a breach, with impunity?

The Lion in the Fable, on the conditional acceptance of his marriage proposal, was as secure in permitting his teeth to be drawn, and his claws pared to the quick, and thereby committing himself to the mercy of the Maiden's father, without protection or resource, as the Men of Ireland in surrendering their Legislature, behind whose shield alone they can promise themselves security from the wiles of a time-serving, adventurous Premier!

4. Admitting that we were unequivocally and *equally* to participate in the commerce of Great Britain, on the broad basis of a reciprocity of interests, are we yet mature enough in the means of sufficiently extending such unrestricted commerce, under such a pressure of taxes?

The dawn of our leading importance, overcast by so many political lowerings, could not for some centuries at least, if ever, emerge to the genial sunshine of that commercial extension which we at this day enjoy. And if there were even a probability of good faith from the Minister, does not good policy require that we hold fast that which we have, lest we ultimately lose the substance for the shadow, and being unable to swim without *a cork* (a sufficient capital), sink for ever as a trading nation?

5. Whether does it better suit the wisdom and consequence of a free and enlightened people,
- to

to bury all jealousies and contentions on the score of Religion in eternal Night, and by such means overthrow the infernal system of *divide et impera*, or to form Party Lodges, publish *restrictive Ascendancy Resolutions*; push from the doors of freedom and tolerance every other body of men not assimilated by peculiar badges, than at such a crisis as the present, adopting the maxim of "*Concordia res parvæ crescunt*," to tread under foot all invidious distinctions; and considering that we have played the fool too long, and that it is now high time to collect wisdom from the many serious lessons received in misfortune's school, to embrace but one great object—the general weal; and, as if with one heart—one wish—one arm, to meet this ministerial, many-headed Hydra, and, by an heroic Unanimity, crush her beyond revival?

I would not here be misunderstood to insinuate the propriety of recurring to any means inconsistent with public tranquillity and social order. Too fatally, and too long, have we felt the dire effects of self-constituted Legislators, and the Myrmidons of Power, let loose, like bloodhounds, on life and property, with Draco's code in one hand, and fire and sword in the other—some embattled against the sanctity of the laws, others against the reverence of hoary age, the hallowed rites of religion, the purity of virgin innocence—the sanctuaries of peaceful industry and domestic repose—setting whole districts in one indiscriminate blaze of ruin—dragging from

the Altar, with the Eucharist elevated in his hands, the Minister of God—wantoning, with savage barbarity, around the conflagration of the consecrated Temple of the Divine Presence! and feasting on the lacerated heart of a fellow-creature, with the greedy satisfaction of an Indian cannibal over the fallen body of his victim foe! While humanity drops the tear of sympathetic tenderness over those scenes of desolation and death, it must equally wish to draw the veil of forgetfulness over the causes that produced the melancholy effects; and oppose every tendency to the renewal of the same horrid excesses, whose fatal vestiges the salutary hand of patriotic virtue, aided by favouring Heaven and healing time, may yet obliterate, and still render us a prosperous people, if we now wisely and firmly retain the means, nor consign ourselves to degradation, and the moral impossibility of recovering from our late convulsions.

May it not be fair to ask, how the Roman Catholics of this kingdom are so little to be depended on, or collectively so dangerous, that, in order to bridle their ambition, and disarm their hands, this new system must take place? Had the body of the Roman Catholics been that ambitious and dangerous enemy to the State, which their revilers would insinuate, this *more dangerous* alternative were irrelevant, and the remedy worse than the disease; but, unfortunately for the cause of misrepresentation and dark, designing obloquy, the majority of that people has too great a stake to hazard, by any attempt, or
the

the most remote wish, to subvert the existing government, under which they have been liberated from those galling shackles which they patiently bore, under the combined terrors of proscriptions, forfeitures, disqualifications, and corporal penalties, until a benign and enlightened Legislature saw their loyal acquiescence, and entered on the magnanimous work of restoring them to the rights of men. On the present occasion it is not religion, but national dignity, national prosperity, national rights, that arrest the vigilance, and excite the anxious fears and distrusts of that great body, in common with the rest of their countrymen.—What were the independent Barons who laid the foundation of our glorious Constitution, by forcing MAGNA CHARTA from the Tyrant, King John? Roman Catholics. Who constituted the major part of our political Saviours, by incorporating, self-armed, and self-supported, in one solid, impregnable army, of volunteers, when the common interest swelled every breast with heroic enthusiasm, and every man became a soldier in defence of his country? Roman Catholics. Away, then, with ill-founded calumnies! If the peasantry and unlettered undiscerning people of that communion, unfortunately embarked on the tempestuous ocean of insurrection and daring atrocity to subvert the government, and with it the liberties of their country, they were goaded only by men actuated by some aspiring hopes; others, by the worst of motives, that of tempting them to the precipice,

precipice, and, like the Author of Evil, when once made sure in the diabolical work, leaving the wretched offenders to their unhappy fate, with the view of involving the whole body of Roman Catholics in one common ruin, and shutting them out, for ever, as aliens, traitors, and apostates, from the peal of a Constitution to which they would have them supposed to be irreconcilably hostile! *but they have partly fallen into the pit they dug!*

Montesquieu, that great political authority and critical investigator of governments and laws, affirms that “the Roman Catholic Religion is best of all adapted to the monarchical form of government—that of the Protestants to the republican;”—and he might have gone a little further, and added, that his particular mode of worship does not confine the Roman Catholic to any particular form of government, however attached to monarchy by principle, and a conviction of its superior excellence, that the hand of nature has implanted in his breast the love of liberty and independence as strongly operative as in the frame of any other religionist, or sectary! it being his invariable Creed in Politics—that

“For forms of government tho’ fools contest,

“Whate’er is best-administered is best.”

This odious measure equally strikes at the root of the Roman Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian interest. Then, the question is not, what religion

ligion shall have an exclusive right to a seat in Parliament, but shall we have a Parliament? Or shall we torpidly acquiesce in the alienation of that august Assembly; or shall we not rather rally round that palladium of Irish liberty, and supplicate its individual and collective energy to guard their country's rights—by preserving their body undismembered and unchanged?

The aristocratic and democratic branches of the Legislature in this kingdom cannot at so easy a rate as that swallowed by the Caledonian cormorants, surrender the boast of their ancestors, and at the nod of the Minister become the degraded attendants on a foreign court, stripped of authority in their native soil, and with only a secondary respectability there! with estates uncultivated for want of cultivators, or the means of cultivation, (the means being lavished on the fripperies and follies of a foreign residence, and its long train of expensive concomitants) with oppressed tenants and mansions tottering to decay; they will curse the hour that they relinquished the blessings and dignity to which public integrity had at home entitled them. Let them, therefore, seasonably come forward with an address of loyalty and firm attachment to the best of Princes, supplicating him to apply the saving axe of his paternal care, for the preservation of his people of Ireland, to that pernicious root from which so many public examples are likely to spread. On such an emergency, shall not the Peer assert his hereditary dignity? Shall
not

not the Commoner speak out in the manly tone of free-born independence? Shall not the banker, the merchant, the man of landed property, shall not all ranks and descriptions of Irishmen, stand centinels on the great object of their importance, their legislature, and shield it from innovating outrage, from every deformity, from every excrescence on its beauteous form? If we coalesce, under the banners of the Constitution, we shall be graciously heard; but should we culpably sleep on our posts, we must lament, with our latest breath, the moment of our parricidal lethargy!

The effect of an Union on that source of useful and ornamental communication, the Irish Press, is to constitute another evil of the most forbidding and alarming nature! In all polished countries this infant Hercules has been fostered with jealous care, lest any of his members should be disabled or crippled for want of liberty and proper play in his cradle. Thus, within the British empire he has attained such growth and strength as to shake a tyrant on his throne, and make the cheek of conscious guilt turn pale at the terror of his voice. Beneath his tutelary eye instruction and delight blended their sweets by turns, and the philosophical researches of the literati of Europe posted on the pinions of the winds to enrich us, as soon as issued into public light. But now the case must be altered; for the British printer, under the law for securing literary property, will avail himself of the benefit, in its most ample extent, and it may
not

not be until after a tedious lapse of many years that we, people of Ireland, shall be gratified with the sight of any new publication (*if not smuggled*) until a similar statute, with its enormous expences both to the Irish printer and the Irish public, shall have operated here. However, under these very restrictions, candour must confess that this is not the most unjust or unsalutary plant germinating from the Union-stem, and that its ramifications are calculated to serve a race of men—and women too—whose sole inheritance is their genius and education.—Authors, having hitherto had no such security for the exclusive right of literary property, may now find a consoling prospect of bettering their fortunes, in consequence of the Union: and hence it may be concluded, in the vulgar adage, *that the devil himself is not as black as he is painted!*

We are flatteringly assured that, the Union being once established, the doors to an ample redress of all our public grievances, and causes of discontent, are to be thrown open at an English tribunal; but this looks somewhat like *feeding us with an empty spoon!* It is *abbreviating distance*, and *lengthening brevity!* as if the chain were shorter than the link; or, that it were more practically easy to traverse three hundred miles by land and water, under the mercy of wind and tide, than, without these difficulties and uncertainties, to obtain such redress, at home, from our own Parliament; for, surely, it must be admitted, that the more remote the seat of judicature, the more difficult

cult the judgment, both in the pursuit and final attainment. Under all casualties and circumstances operating either for, or against Great-Britain and Ireland, it is not political bigotry to assert, that, take it all in all, the best Union in the power of Mr. Pitt to establish in either country, is, THE UNION OF ALL UNIONS, THE UNION OF HEARTS ; and, to effect this grand desideratum, all party-prejudices and cabals, all invidious distinctions, ungenerous distrusts, and imperative domination, must give way to a cordial coalition of the strength and industry of the empire, for the general safety and prosperity. Jaundice-eyed jealousies and ungenerous suspicions must yield to confidence and amity. Mutual interests and attachments must rivet the people to the common cause. And, thus, all parties, Lutherans, Roman Catholics and Calvinists, will be as one body actuated by one soul, loyal to the best of sovereigns, and hostile to the baneful poison of *French Fraternity, French Organism, and French Spoliation*. Yes, England ! unite us in such strong bonds, and we are inseparably yours. Treat not your inestimable sister, as Mary, of suspicious memory, did Elizabeth ; we merit by far, better at your hands. In all your troubles and vexations, our blood and treasures supported you against your enemies. We have vowed to rise with your rise, or to fall with your fall. Strive not then, ungratefully

gratefully, to rise upon our ruins. Pursue not this pompous (*but to us grating*) sound—Union—as echo does the voice in the shade—but let it fall away, like the murmurs of the falling wind.

The Premier may have *pious* views towards this country, no doubt, and we are sensible of the *purity* of his zeal; but, circumstanced as things are, to persist, would be only copying the practice of a Quack, obtruding on the patient a supposed poison, against which his stomach rises, at first sight, and against which, he knows, if once down, there is no antidote. Let nature, then, in this case, be her own physician. Ireland has her salvation within herself; and, although she has, for some months past, sustained a violent shock, her vital parts are now in a state of convalescence, and will, in due time, recover her native strength, so as to bear up, with firmness, unpropped and unsupported by this political walking-stick of Mr. Pitt's recommendation.—But a further attempt, at this *nostrum* of her loathing and abhorrence, may, again, plunge her into a perilous relapse, and, in such a fever, her parts being now not so untouched and integral, as before, her condition may become desperate; convulsions may seize her whole frame; and, thus, may a faithful, fond, and affectionate sister, be endangered to carry a point, which neither justice warrants, nor sound policy gives sanction to.

Should the all-grasping ambition of our republican neighbours, at any future period, in the restless spirit of spoliation and dominion, assail the tranquillity of England, could not the loyal spirit of our people be as readily called to action under the existing form of their constitution, as under this projected plan of innovation? Or is there any hidden amulet in the Union, that, on a sudden emergency, could shorten the passage to a junction of the Irish and British forces? Could it say to the howling of the tempest, "be calm," or to the conflicting billows, "be still?" Or could he, on the failure of vessels to convey our armies beyond the channel, open a dry passage through the deep, as formerly effected by Divine Omnipotence, for the Israelites? No, these are miracles not to be expected either at his hands or those of his Cabinet conjurors, however nearly approaching political omnipotence. Therefore, as the Union cannot make us better subjects, better soldiers, or better citizens, in the name of common sense, Mr. Pitt, let us enjoy our present repose, nor revive the dying embers of our past grievances.

Can any man, conversant in the affairs of this kingdom, be brought by the sophistry of any writer, however polished his periods, and high his office in the state, to think that the Union would cause an influx and extensive circulation of foreign capital in Ireland?

Not

Not a single spring of commercial energy can arise from the accomplishment of such a measure, creative of such an influx that we, already, are not in equal possession of, no quarter of the peopled globe being more advantageously situated for all the purposes of becoming the *emporium* of insular trade. What, though our capital be yet in a state of infant weakness! the invigorating arm of all-maturing time will strengthen our own means; our finances will rise in proportion to our industry, and consequently our commerce,

“ Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.”

And in proportion to our population and prosperity, the British empire must, *IN TOTO*, feel an accession of strength and power, not experienced before. The inauspicious barrier of religious separation shall fall afunder: our countrymen shall have that liberal protection at home, the impolitic deprivation of which has, to the misfortune of the parent state, so long militated and turned our own arms against us. The common enemy shall now invariably feel the ponderous efficacy of those arms, if it be the gracious intention of England to divide us no more. Let not the champion of liberty be henceforward interrogated if he has subscribed to the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES, or addresses the Deity in church, chapel or kirk. Under this happy mutuality of confidence, we shall be cemented.

The

The plains of the old and new worlds no longer shall behold the subject armed against his lawful prince; the son encamped to carry terror to the father's breast:—but internal peace, *unclouded by an Union*, shall extend her silent olive over every corner of these dominions; and the sons of freedom shall appear clad in terror against their foes, actuated by the noblest incentives that, next to heaven, can animate the human breast——public virtue.

The power of parliament, it must be confessed, can do much, but there is one barrier at which it stops short: the surrender of a septennial trust, to which surrender the houses of legislation are no more adequate than the trustee in private life to delegate or transfer his trust. Here, the representative must act in unison with his constituent, otherwise the covenant must be null and void. If he attempts to move in opposition to this leading principle, he usurps an authority that does not belong to him;—but independently of this constitutional restriction, the Legislature of this kingdom cannot—surely will not, stoop to so base a traffic. Our Peers have the illustrious privileges handed down by their noble ancestors, to transmit pure and un sullied to their descendants. Our Commoners cannot desert their princely seats—their natural authority and consequence in the arms of their country, to dance humiliating attendance on a foreign Cabinet, or to
be

be hunted down by a ministerial pack, when he lifts his voice in defence of the public good of his Country.

The Commons being in a great measure composed of the first ornaments of the Bar, their legal information cannot fail to guide them with certainty through every labyrinth in the power of their opponents to throw before them, to puzzle or bewilder their faculties to decide upon this question at once. They possess ample fortunes, and, for the most part, hereditary estates, on which they enjoy the OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE, during the recess from the Courts and Parliament. In England, they yet have no such retreats, though absolutely necessary for the purposes of health, recreation, and study, after the harrassing and perplexing bustle of Westminster-Hall. And here, the Bar presents another weighty objection to the Union.

In this kingdom, every native Barrister has either his relative, or cultivated connections. The junior Pleader, if he cannot immediately become the object of popular notice in the Four-courts, ameliorates his fortune, on the provincial circuits, where birth, or some collateral intimacy, recommends him to a brief. Beyond the water, he has no such patronage to hope for. Among strangers, all respectively attached to their particular advocates, what can a young gentleman of the Irish Bar (be his professional abilities however high,) expect to gain?

gain? Accumulated debts ; while his revenues do not keep pace with his expenditures. But it will be objected that our Courts and Circuits are still, as usual, to be open to them, and this new system will not operate against their practice. True ; the Courts and Circuits will, as ever, be open to their pursuits ; but neither, it is to be apprehended, will be essentially the same, the Union carrying in its train, a transfer of property, a transfer of abilities, a transfer of power, and a transfer of Judicial Avocation ! The Pleader of practical eminence will endeavour to obtain his delegation to the English Commons House, where, it is more than probable, he will bring his merchandize to the best market, and unite with the *sacra legio* of the Minister.

If England would wish to see her strength sufficiently augmented to stand the shock which she acknowledges the superiority of the French Republic capable of giving—if she would stand armed against that terrific power that impresses consternation and dismay throughout the whole progress of her arms, is it by this insidious measure she presumes to engage the bravery of this country to fight her battles? No; never can she win our arms and our hearts, but by fair and honourable dealing. On the solid basis of honesty can she alone expect to erect the bulwark of her strength? Let her drop her odious, though, to herself, precious project, all at once, nor force it on our indignant eyes! Long have we been cordially embarked in one bottom
with

with her, combating against all her dangers, bound by all her obligations, influenced by all her attachments, and devoted to support her sovereignty; willing to support her navy, and bid her commerce meet every wind that blows from every point of the compass, from the Scorpion of the South, to the frozen regions of the Arctic Pole; from the rising to the setting Sun. Yet, if in her superiority, or if ambitiously haughty in her deportment she imperiously conducts herself towards the men of Ireland; she has nothing to look up to but apathy, distrust, and opposition, instead of animated regard, and a virtuous and unshaken co-ardour in her cause.

Seriously, should the Minister of England reflect, that the sons of a fond, venerable, and liberal mother, nurtured in her cherishing lap, and formed by example to honour and glory, cannot possibly look on to see her native excellence insulted or debased by any grasping hand, however accustomed to deeds of daring. This is an object highly entitled to his mature consideration. Should he overlook it, it may cost him some painful reflections.

We are with great ingenuity, and with the address of a Courtier, informed of the wisdom that dictated, and the *golden* consequences that attended, the Union, or, more properly terming it, incorporation of the United Provinces, after they had thrown off the Spanish yoke; but, how does this Union, incorporation, or call it by what name you please, apply to Ireland? The essence remains still the same. How, I say, does it apply to the point
under

under discussion? Each of these states was then individually weak, both by infancy of independence, and extent of territory. Nature had been niggard of her blessings to each. Their common proximity, their weakness, if separate, and that infertility of soil against which laborious industry had to put her strongest sinews to their utmost stretch, stared them in the face; an incorporation was the *sine quâ non*, the only alternative which was to rescue them from every thing to be dreaded from the peculiarity of their respective situations; and for this impressive reason they agreed to their existing confederation. With Ireland, the case bears totally a different complexion; having from time immemorial been established, and her Legislature having been restored to primitive independence by her vigour in 1782. Though England would now make a bold effort for more than *even a resumption* of her unjustifiable and arrogant power; it is not for her to resign, or to commit herself to all the maladies of a renunciation of her natural rights and imperial privileges. She has not the swampy, floating marshes of the United Provinces to encounter. Enviably, not envying—conferring, not receiving, advantages—lending, rather than borrowing—propping, not propped by, Great Britain, what has she to do with this proposed compact?—To tread it magnanimously under foot—the very moment it presents itself for her adoption; not to throw her fortune, like a desperate adventurer, into the lap of a nation so swallowed up in debt and growing taxes, that her redemption falls little short of a political miracle—

if in human power to effect! Never, surely, can Ireland hazard so deep a game, where she has so much to forfeit—nothing to gain. What a wicked, what an inglorious, what a besotted conduct, to surrender important certainty, for a trivial uncertainty!

Let us, for a moment, suppose ourselves already in possession of every advantage possibly to issue from the Union, without the Union: What would they come to, paramount to those already within our reach? Is it a free trade with all the now-neutral ports of Europe? Thanks to the spirit and expanded minds of a Grattan, and his virtuous compatriots, we have that already in our hands. Is it a Commerce, free and unembarrassed, uncrippled, and unretarded by a tedious and circuitous Navigation? No; for that we also enjoy. Is it the Channel Trade? Let that still retain its *quo statu* nature. No Union would be able sufficiently to handcuff the English Rider—no compact shall ever be formed virtually to counteract British monopoly, or the clandestine dealings long and feelingly experienced by this country, from these sources of perfidy and wrong!—Aye; but, say the sticklers for the Union, “you shall participate in our East-India Trade.” Softly, Mr. Bull! you too well know our incapacity to avail ourselves of that part of the stipulation; and, at best, it would be only admitting us *honorary Members*, without any emolument or productive consequence.

The Union of Wales with the English peal, was one of those revolutions which, in states undivided by the waters, have happened in all ages, and will continue to happen, while restless ambition, and thirst of power and subjugation, actuate the human breast; and, as to the cement of the Saxon Hierarchy under one prince, and one legislature, it was an adoption of deliberate wisdom and salutary design; for, previously to such incorporation, these disjoined petty powers took every opportunity to harass and commit depredatory excesses on each other by turns; until, at length, sinking under their own machinations, and all, grown weary of a life of hostility, carnage and plunder, they sought an asylum, in the bosom of monarchy, from the misfortunes they had so industriously created.

Although the *refined* cruelties and atrocities of the last year stamp the sanguinary signatures of death and infuriate military, as well as mob licentiousness in their most haggard forms on the actors, in the several tragedies of Summer and Autumn; although the historian, the philosopher and moralist, shall bleed over the complicated horrors that shall occur, in every page of that disastrous annal, while they read—yet, if permitted to recover from our wounds, in the bosom of returning tranquillity; and that lenitives will be seasonably applied, instead of hazardous corrosives, all may yet be well: and state empiricks will find it more effectually to their purpose to cultivate the amity, arising from such a measure, than, with the spirit
of

of an adventurous Quixotte, to create dissensions and animosities, jealousies and dangers? May we not still cherish the same good understanding and live on the same terms of good humour that we heretofore have done? Is not the same free intercourse of mutual good offices of trade, benefits, extension of commerce and education, now open to us, as before—Why, then, not still operate, as ever, on the pristine basis? which, though strongly bearing the features of a step-dame's, not an avowed sister's, conduct is more acceptable than the collected blessings of the Union—though *conceived*, *delivered*, and *matured* under the obstetric dexterity of the state physician himself. But, says the financier, “ We have been to this moment impolitic fools; we now see our past misapplication of advantages, and it is our duty to lose no more time, but seriously and assiduously to set about the good work of our wise intentions. Let us, therefore, begin and break the magic that kept us for so long a period in lethargic inaction. England, like Cæsar, can bear no equal; she must govern in trade, in laws and constitution, uncontrouled; her sway over Ireland, as over the rest of her European and Indian *colonies*, must be absolute. This is the age of political chivalry; and, though such an unexpected revolution may tend to convulse the neighbouring kingdom, when she has completely exhausted her strength, and nearly stormed and fretted to death; yet, as the aggrieved babe whines, and pours out his little soul, in all the
impotence

impotence of dissatisfaction and complaint, and ceases when unable to obtain redress, and when enfeebled by his cries; so shall Irishmen spontaneously settle into general calm, when no longer equal to the struggles of opposition, the language of remonstrance, or the bitterness of reproach."

"Here ceased the youth, nor waited he reply."

When the whole legion of placemen, pensioners, pimps, parasites and court cormorants, loudly echoed the dictatorial sounds, and, with stretched jaws never before instanced, horribly grinned applause.

The cabinet of Saint James's should have maturely weighed the probable difficulties to be unavoidably encountered previously to the completion of *this* desideratum. They should have foreseen that a community, jealously fond of their natural prerogatives, rights, and immunities, would not, without murmurs and opposition, without bitterness and revolting minds, relinquish so invaluable a pledge as the Constitution—but deeds of hardihood seem peculiarly calculated to signalize the ministerial puppets of the day, while Machiavel pulls the wires that set them in busy motion. He loves to fish in troubled waters—and, happy, thrice happy, will it be, for the cause of humanity, if he endanger not the repose of those realms which he would seem inclined to cement in the *propitious* bosom of his dearly-beloved Union. Irritation, in public, as in private life, wounds beyond sufferance, and fool-hardy is the man who
commits

commits honour and safety to the excesses of popular vengeance. Bewildered is the political helmsman, who wantonly, and without regard to the general safety, ventures on the desperate enterprize!

Men, possessed of ready money, having no immoveable pledges in this country, will embark for the New World, where tranquillity and commerce open their prosperous arms for their reception! and with them will depart their wealth, as well as that of their connections. Though their native country must be dear to their breasts, and they cannot forsake it but with pain and sorrow, it is not to be supposed that they will remain to witness the growing poverty of that once-happy land, where they have been brought up with such high expectations! But with persons having property, which they cannot dispose of with any reasonable advantage, the case must be otherwise. Men, who expended great sums on buildings, will find themselves tied down, however tempting the prospects beyond the Atlantic, or alarming and disheartening those at home. They must therefore resign themselves to their respective hardships, nor look forward with an happier view, than a persevering struggle against difficulties, which Nature never designed that they should encounter.

Thus will our Senators occasion the downfall of enterprize and property, as well as their own consequence, by a dereliction of their birth-rights. With every misfortune evidently to follow this contract in legible characters open to their investigation,

vestigation, may they, with becoming dignity, spurn every insidious advance towards a system so replete with national calamity and dishonour. Their princely fortunes should raise them above political prostitution. There is not a Peer, or Commoner, within this realm, but, on a fair average, possesses a revenue superior to the whole purchase-money of the Scottish Constitution.—Can we hesitate to pronounce that country lost to a sense of its own importance, where some of its leading men were bought over to that surrender, for the paltry pittance of £.25 each? But, if Fame speak truth, the present race of Scots pant after, and are anxiously bent on, an effort for the recovery of their Legislature.

It has raised the wonder of many men to reflect on the unexpected injustice of the Union towards the brightest jewel in the British Crown; but when we look back on the rejection of our demand of PROTECTING DUTIES, and the attempt to load us with the memorable COMMERCIAL PROPOSITIONS, both the former and the latter, so repugnant to our interests, and so favourable to the clandestine purposes of the English Rider, to glut our markets with English goods, we shall cease to wonder at any part of those injuries we have been insulted with.—To the denial of PROTECTING DUTIES, the Irish Loom stands indebted for its torpor and decay. Hence, our streets were daily crowded with working spectres—with mendicant artists—who, at every corner, in every lane and alley, presented scenes of indescribable misery, raggedness,

ness, and famished looks; while the tender and compassionate passenger was wounded with the cries of despair, without the possibility of alleviating half the distresses that occurred!

Though we have already experienced the *kind* intentions of an *affectionate* Sister on all occasions, yet no project of her formation has struck so deeply at our vital part, as the present. It is a mortal aim at our very existence as a nation; and the generality of the people considering it in this light, have made up their minds upon the business, and though tenderly affected towards the Throne and Constitution, they are hostile to such a vile encroachment. Hence, it follows, that they cannot behold the boast of their ancestors alienated, without a virtuous struggle. Its retention they have fixed their hearts on. Their Addresses are ready to flow from every part of the kingdom, reprobating, in the most pointed language, such an attack. And if not stolen through both Houses before the sense of all descriptions of people be collected through the County-Juries on the Spring Circuits, their indignation must loudly ring in every ear on this occasion, adverse to their independence.—Turn we where we will, or enter into what societies we may, the universal cry is——“NO UNION!” from the man of science, to the untutored peasant—from the merchant to the artist—from the north to the south—from the western to the eastern extremities of the nation, the voice of Ireland is “NO UNION!”—Should we be robbed of
our

our glorious privileges, say they, what alternative remains, but “ to commit ourselves to the
 “ terrors of the ocean, to plough an extent of
 “ three thousand miles, in search of a better
 “ world—a calm asylum from those ills that
 “ inevitably await us in the land of our birth,
 “ where we fondly hoped to close the evening
 “ of our days, and lay our bones at last with
 “ the ashes of our parents, relatives, and friends.
 “ Thrice happy dead, who lived not to see the
 “ day of this desolation! Happy had we been,
 “ had we accompanied you to your sepulchres,
 “ then we had not witnessed the calamities destined to mark the progress of the last and
 “ present year.” Let us not despond, my Countrymen. Our Senators rise superior to such a surrender. They know the consequence too well, to submit to a time serving measure of this nature. Nor is it in the noble mind of our Viceroy ever to give sanction to, or promote, any covenant that could sully his dignified reputation as a Statesman, and Representative of Majesty. With days full of well-earned honours, venerated through life, and the theme of every tongue in this kingdom, where he is looked up to as to our political Saviour, he will not tarnish his glory by leaving it in characters of brass, on the records of infamy—
 THAT, IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, THE IMPERIAL KINGDOM OF IRELAND WAS CURSED WITH THIS MOST BANEFUL
 OF NATIONAL EVILS——AN UNION!!!

